

A PAGE OF FUN FOR YOUNG AND OLD TO REMIND ONE THAT LIFE IS NOT ALL SHADOW

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THE GUMPS—Andy at Shady Rest

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The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she generally wears V-necks in the summer but occasionally she's quite choleric.

FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

By FONTAINE FOX



SOB STUFF

By DEMOSTHENES MCGINNIS A Delicate Shade of Blue CHAPTER III

Wherein Robert Purdon Decides to Shave Shaving is a horrible bore, but compared to affronting his delicate skin with ice water it would be a taste of heaven. But Robert is a man with a man's heart and a man's courage. "I shall not shirk the bath," said he. "I'll fill the tub with cold water and, after I have finished shaving, I'll jump right in." Cheered by this evidence of his indomitable spirit, he put the plug in the bathtub, turned on the cold water, and, after adjusting his safety razor, looked around for his shaving brush. It was not in its accustomed place. Stirred to the depths of his being by the malevolence displayed by somebody or other—in deliberately hiding the belongings of one of the best and kindest-hearted of men, he gazed wildly this way and that and— But let us leave these stirring scenes for a moment to consider the ways of Madame Pulex Irritans, an Apache of the Epidermis, sometimes known as Aphaniptera, so called because every nip means a tear. In the depths of a gray forest, a forest so dense that no ray of light penetrated its fastnesses, she awoke from a brief nap and with a finical care, peculiarly feminine, fastidiously limbered her six long stout legs, shook the snarls out of her long thread-like feelers, and satisfied herself that her oral appendages were in good working order. Then gracefully she mounted the grass-like foliage of the forest, bearing it down under her feet, its supple quality aiding rather than retarding her ascent. Perched lightly, as on a springboard, on the surface of her huge domain, she preened herself, conscious of the fact that of all animals in existence she had no equal in the long jump. Plump she was and well-conditioned, for every inch of ground in her world provided her sustenance. But she was a gourmet and had in her mind a particularly succulent morsel for breakfast. She therefore swayed on her haunches, her strong hind legs contracted like a spring under pressure and then— It was a beautiful jump—full seven feline leagues—and it landed her just where she wanted to go. She was on a shopping expedition, but this was no bargain-counter rush, and she had time to go to the fountain. Inserting what might have been a piercing stilet or a straw into the neck of her feeding bottle she allowed her saturnal propensities to do the rest and was content. Which was why the Jinx, Mrs. Purdon's Angora kitten, sat down outside the bathroom door to scratch behind its left ear with its left hind foot and that was how it came about that Robert, wildly rushing forth, chanced to tread on its tail. TO A CORRESPONDENT Interested One—It is quite true and we admit our remissness. Henceforth, beginning tomorrow, we shall run a synopsis with each installment of this bloodcurdling story. (To be continued tomorrow)

Different Views



The Dog—Awful bore that Smith. He's just been telling me all about his career. The Cat—Bore? I found him most interesting—he's just been telling me about his wife's.

Couldn't Discover

Mistress—Did you see if the butcher had pig's feet? Maid—No, ma'am. I couldn't; he had his boots on!—Answers.

SCHOOL DAYS



By DWIG

HIS OPPORTUNITY



Mrs. Jinks—Wasn't there somethin' in the papers about our 'avin' plainer bishops? Mrs. Arris—Yis, an' isn't it a fine chanst for our curit?

Help



I've told you blokes all there is to baynit fightin'; but if there's any questions you'd like to ask—well, let's hear it. "Sergeant major, how do you apply for a job in the 'Pay Corps'?"

Embarrassing



—London Opinion. Second Lieutenant Smythe-Jones discovers that the new lady barber is the girl he jilted three years ago.

Getting as Near It as He Could



The Pag—Oh, I'd go to the war quick enough, but mother wouldn't like me to; and I've never disappointed her since the day I was born. The Snag—Well, if she was hoping for a daughter, I'm sure you've done your best to console her.

Where, Indeed?

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him. "If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Busy



Tattler. The One—Our Annie 'as gone in for the W. A. A. C.'s. Why don't your daughter try that? The Other—My Lissie 'as got plenty to do without trying wax-works.

Know No Hog Island

So many people wait in vain for their ships to come in because they were never launched. — Answers.

No Change Noticeable



The Bystander. "Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is at the front?" "Oh, no; at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of a plate and half the time I forget he isn't there."

HIS VEST



—Pearson's Weekly. First Tommy—I've been winding at a bit of wool that was stickin' out of the back of your neck for half an hour. Second Tommy>You silly ass! You've unraveled all the knitted vest Sister Susie sent me.

A Quiet Time

Orator's Wife—Did the people applaud? Orator (with bitterness)—Applaud? They made about as much noise as a rubber heel on a feather mattress!—Tit-Bits.

Just the Place

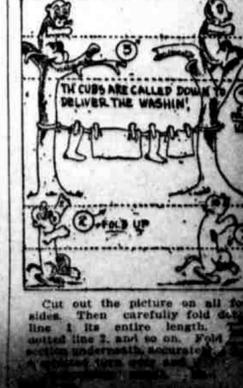
"Where have the girls gone?" "To Sulphur Springs." "Um. Lots of matches made there, I s'pose."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PETEY—Well, Maybe Country Food Wouldn't Agree With Him, Anyway

By C. A. VOIGHT



MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES



Cut out the picture on all 4 sides. Then carefully fold along line 1 its entire length, line 2, and so on. Fold sections underneath, securing a complete form only and